



## "PUCK",

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Editor "Puck",  
 13 North William St., New York.

## PUCK'S CARTOONS.

## HILTON AND THE JEWS.

THE proscription of Jews by the late A. T. Stewart's toady legatee, ex-Judge Hilton, has called forth not unnaturally considerable feeling. Hilton, single-handed, is not able to persecute a race of people, who are in every respect equal, and often superior in intellect, probity and honor to other nationalities. That unwarranted prejudice against the Jews has existed in older countries, cannot be denied, and this feeling has, no doubt, been strengthened by the literature of a past age, but in free and enlightened America, where religious liberty is pre-eminently maintained, only narrow-minded bigots and fools can have anything to say unfavorable to the Hebrew which cannot equally apply to all peoples. The sycophantic but purse-proud Hilton possibly thinks that he has done a very fine thing in refusing accommodation to Jews, and some equally purse-proud contemptible shoddy and shallow snobs may approve of his action, but right-thinking men will only condemn it.

There are good, bad and indifferent Hebrews, as of other denominations; but in all justice we must express our disgust with such vulgar compositions as the letters of Mr. Seligman, who had a glorious opportunity of defending his race and administering in a dignified manner a sharp rebuketo the insolent Hilton, without descending to low personalities. As Puck must have his joke, he has expended it in various ways in his cartoon, to which he directs his readers' attention.

## HANGING FIRE.

FOR months and months, our tympani have been strung to their highest pitch, prepared for the report of the firing off of Tweed's terrible disclosures, but they still hang fire, and we are disconsolate. It is really too bad to keep us in this horrible state of suspense after we have had a foretaste of the confession in the columns of the *World*. Tweed is an arch-thief and scoundrel—nobody denies that—but if Attorney General Fairchild really undertook to release him on obtaining the names of his accomplices and particulars of his steals, and finds now they are useless for his purposes, Townsend, Tweed's counsel, is quite right to protest against his client's longer incarceration.

EX-SECRETARY CHANDLER is ill in New Hampshire. Nervous prostration; that's a good name for it in a prohibition State.

HILTON denies that he ever sold old clothes. This is important, if true. But he may have tried to sell them, and failed.

THE Aquarium has received twelve Bay of Fundy seals. Wax humorous over this, if you can, ye paragraphers, and create a Fundy amusement.

## TREMENDOUS STIR IN SARATOGA.

## Raising a Jews of a Row!

## NO BOARD FOR THE HEBREWS!

## PUCK'S REPORTERS INTERVIEWING THE LIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

IN view of the general interest which the recent action of Judge Hilton in excluding Jews from the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, has excited among all classes and conditions of men, Puck has felt it his duty to dispatch his large and eminently competent staff of special reporters to interview the various notables whose opinions on this important subject may be of interest to the general public. The most trustworthy member of our staff first found

## CHAS. A. DANA

in his sanctum, busily engaged on an article on "The Ruin of Republican Institutions."

"Mr. Dana," said the Puck intellectual giant, "what are your views with regard to Saratoga and—"

"It is a knavish piece of work," answered Dana, promptly. "It is a nefarious plot laid by Deacon Richard Smith's wicked partners, the Fraudulent President, the *de facto* Secretary of State Evarts, O. P. Morton, Henry Ward Beecher and Lady Mary Pierrepont. I am pained to say that I have every reason to believe that the Count Joannes, George Washington Childs, A. M., the eminent obituary poet, and George Francis Train, are accessories."

"But, Mr. Dana," said the Puck man, "do you think that this—"

"Certainly I do; nothing else can be expected so long as there is a Fraudulent President."

The Puck reporter, after thanking Mr. Dana for his courtesy, withdrew.

Our representative next called on

## GEORGE, THE COUNT JOANNES,

who was found in the Supreme Court Chambers, surrounded by official-looking documents, and all the other paraphernalia of legal warfare. On the reporter's stating his mission, the noble Count ceased reading a long letter, the envelope of which displayed a seal stamped with a coronet; and expressed his willingness to reply to any questions permissible under the chivalric code of honor.

"Will you express an opinion, Count, on the step taken by Judge Hilton?"

"Certainly," replied the Bayard of the nineteenth century, "it will afford me great pleasure to do so. I cannot sustain the action of my learned friend, the Judge, on the following grounds—"

The reporter listened with breathless attention.

"I," said the Count, in Roman letters.

"Sir?"

"I.—When I was in Belgium, charged with a confidential mission of an extremely delicate character from Her Most Gracious Majesty the Duchess of Bengal, my friend Lord Palmerston invited me to take lunch with him privately and discuss matters of state, at the house of our mutual acquaintance, the Earl of Waterloo. While there, His Majesty, Oscar, King of Sweden, pulled me by the sleeve, and remarked, 'Count, have you ever devoted your brilliant intellect to the elucidation of the almost impenetrable [His Majesty was pleased so to style it] mystery which envelops the identity of the assassin of the late William Patterson?'"

"Your Majesty," said I, "in the words of the poet, *Sic semper e pluribus sabre de mon*

*oncle*—Your Majesty may make the application."

"His Majesty was so delighted with this repartee, that he presented me on the spot with his own personal, private and particular snuff-box, set with diamonds, and on the following day I received from his High Chamberlain the Order of the First Class of the Royal Suspender Buckle, of which only one other living man has a duplicate; that man being my very good friend, the Duke Jerome de Stillson."

"Well, but, my dear Count," interposed our representative, "what has this to do with Mr. Seligman?"

"I am coming to that, if my young friend will have patience," resumed the count. "II.—During my stay at the Tuileries, at the time when his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Dolmans confided to me—"

"Excuse me, Count," put in Puck's reporter, mildly but firmly, "time presses, and we should like to know—"

"Wherefore this defiance?" burst out the Count, in sudden anger. "Are you aware, young man, that you are rousing a sleeping lion? Your action is indefensible, according to the laws of chivalry and knighthood."

Puck's reporter looked awed.

"Because," went on the noble interviewee, changing his font and beginning with a new set of Roman numerals, "I, when St. Justin de Madagascar, the champion of—"

But the man from Puck stayed to hear no more; he turned and fled, leaving the Count in a tempest of indignation, calling for a messenger to go to the *Sun* office,

## WILLIAM M. EVERTS.

Puck's reporter then chartered a special train for Washington, and hastened to the State Department. He was immediately ushered into the presence of Secretary Evarts, whom he discovered in the act of trying to find out what he really meant to say in a lengthy minute on civil service reform that he had recently submitted to the Cabinet.

P. R. "Mr. Evarts, what is your opinion of Judge Hilton's action in the exclusion of Hebrews from his hotel in Saratoga?"

MR. EVARTS. "This important quasi-historical-religico-anthropological-metempsychosical question deserves, on its highest and elevated merits, as it inquisitorially is entitled to in its lowest and most depressed, I may say, without ordinary fear of contradiction, flat aspect and views, that consideration which we, in common with all civilized and barbarous mankind and the remaining inhabitants of this mundane sphere, likewise those of the other planets in this solar and lunar system, and other fixed stars which, as suns, illumine spheres in other systems, until we become lost as it were in the mists of unknowable space, deserves, I would reiterate, an analysis which must have the two-fold effect of both simplifying and complicating the subject to an extent scarcely appreciated by the outward visible sign of logical and illogical human minds, the natural and obvious division of the argument coming under several distinctive, although, in spite of circumstances, highly anomalous and paradoxical heads, and applications which are necessary—I would even venture to say indispensable—to elaborate the completeness of the means by which a syllogism can be rigidly applied to elucidate the moral and physical effects, premising that to systematize the numerous positions, empirical or otherwise, three preliminary, in other words elementary, divisions, afterwards subdivided into nine introductory sections, when by such deductive methods—the subject cleared from all extraneous matter—an intelligent consideration could be accorded to the question."

The Puck reporter thought so too, and promised to call again.

The next person interviewed was

# MISS ANNA DICKINSON.

The fair interviewee received the reporter in her palatial apartments on Madison Square, where a charming scene of romantic interest presented itself to the astonished eyes of the visitor.

Miss Dickinson was seated in the centre of the room, at a table, on which lay several MS. dramas, perusing with an expression of rapturous absorption a voluminous epistle, written on foreign post-paper, bearing the letter-head of a Swiss hotel. The writer's name was not visible, but on the envelope were the initials "W. W.," and a spray of pressed Alpine flowers suggested the tender and poetic fancy of a well-beloved absentee. On the over-hanging top of the letter could be traced the words, "My Unspeakably-Adored Anna." At Miss Dickinson's feet reposed a courtly figure in a troubadour's dress; a light guitar hung around his shapely neck. In those noble lineaments it was easy to recognize the patrician J. H.—, but we digress.

"Doan't touch me!" said Miss Dickinson, as the reporter approached her.

He did not. He stood at a respectful distance, and asked her what she thought of the Hilton of Judge Seligman in excluding action—or words to that effect.

"I know not," replied the fair dramatiste, "but you may contradict the report that Mr. Winter cherishes—yet why speak of this? Micky Coburn, no mean judge in dramatic matters, says my "Crown of Thorns" is a better play than ever Shakspeare wrote. Go, hireling slave; give my defiance to the Blood-hounds of the Press!"

The reporter bowed and withdrew.

PUCK, of course, has representatives in every known and unknown portion of the globe; indeed, we can point with pride to our correspondent at the North Pole, which we'll defy even the New York *Herald* to do.

On telephoning to our London man at five o'clock P. M., we instantaneously received the following account of an interview with

# BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI,

Earl of Beaconsfield, head of the English Cabinet.

Beaconsfield was in the Foreign Office in Downing Street, and received our correspondent with *empressment*; and when he had finished writing a protocol and a *pour parler*, he intimated that he was ready to talk.

"Tell us, Dizzy, my boy, what you think about the Hilton-Seligman business."

The new-made Earl cocked his coronet over one ear, and said:

"Vat I tinks, my tear? S'help me Moses and Aaron—I knows notings about it; wish I may die if I do."

"But if you don't, you must say something, you know," said the Puck man.

"Vell—I tinks dat Sheneral Grant shouldn't let a guilty man to eschape; dat Roosher's ambition must be curbed, and dat Puck ish de only Yankee's paper wort reading, my tear."

Nothing could be more conclusive than this expression of opinion; so PUCK's London correspondent bowed and retired.

# MRS. WILKINS,

the great and original *la Frochard*, was next visited. Mrs. Wilkins gave with usual freedom her opinion on the all-engrossing topic.

"Whatever the circumstances may be," said she, "I'm sure Judge Hilton was quite right, and I only wish that besides excluding Jews, he'd kept out professional actors. Dear knows there are no more gentlemen left in the profession; not to speak of people fit to enter a hotel. I went to the Grand Union Hotel my-

self once—to be sure, it was here in New York, up by the Railway Terminus, but I suppose it's quite the same thing—and the crew I had to consort with—crew, I say it; they were no better—cannot be imagined, much less described. I'm sure, if the poor dear Sergeant had seen what I had to go through, he'd have risen in his skeleton, he would.

"I never could abear to be cheek by jowl with the common classes. Jews, indeed! when the Christians are enough to worry one's life out of one. The profession isn't at all what it was in my young days, my dear, I assure you, what with the impudent little minxes and the folks that ought to be put down in the station where they belong and would be if I had the ordering of things. Jews, indeed!"

The reporter made a careful copy of Mrs. Wilkins's remarks, and with profound acknowledgments for the new light cast upon the question, retired in tolerable order.

Puck's chief electrical reporter then made for Madison Square; and sitting under the shade of a tree, feeding four or five little girls on ginger-snaps, and throwing the crumbs of his last week's breakfast to the sparrows, he found

# GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN

in all his brown splendor. Making up to him, the reporter extended his hand.

"No you don't, sir," the coming President exclaimed; "pull back those fingers. Do you think, sir, I shall permit you to steal nineteen years' worth of electricity out of this body by your touch? Begone."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Train, I'm not particular about the hand-shaking; but could you give me your opinion about this—ah—I may say—sudden ah—and un—looked-for—"

"I'll give you just two minutes to come to the point," Mr. Train remarked, brushing a piece of cracker off his blue pantaloons, and rubbing his coat-sleeve affectionately under a little girl's ear.

"What do you think about this Siltion-Heligman—I should say Hellington-Sigman—affair at Saratoga?" our reporter asked, getting a little confused.

"The expulsion of the Jews from the Grand Union—do you mean?"

"Yes, that's it," was the timid reply.

"What do I think?" roared the brown Leviathan in a voice full of capital letters. "It's DEMONOLOGY!"

Seven little innocent sparrows rolled over dead on the grass when they heard that word, and two of the girls were about to run off in alarm, when Mr. Train caught them up tenderly and held them in their seats.

Our reporter winced a little, and then braced up for another effort.

"Is Judge Hilton, then, justified, in your opinion, in this proscription of the Israelites?"

"When I was in the Tombs and pronounced of unsound mind, though harmless, I refused an offer of fifteen thousand dollars for four lectures, because I felt that the hour was not ripe. The day has dawned. Demonology is kindling the blood of the universe. From the dainty creole of the Gulf to the hymn-booked missionary of Timbuctoo, all men are feeling a grand uprising, a sort of wild elevation of the inborn demon, who cries out aloud in tones of blood, 'Revenge and Death, Death and Revenge!' Hilton and the Jews are but the elements of the universal warfare of hell. My time has come. I would deliver those four lectures to-day for three thousand dollars!"

The reporter not having that much in change about him, dropped the subject, and promising Geo. Francis to keep an eye on the inborn demon, withdrew.

# DR. MARY WALKER.

Rushing out of the office with the enthusiasm that every young man becomes inspired with when he starts on tasks that are strange and weighty, our reporter flew on the wings of duty, on a horse-car, up to a millinery store on the Bowery, and leaning over the counter, whispered into the ear of a lady with a brown curl that he should like to see Dr. Mary Walker.

"Why," said the maidenly milliner, in accents of surprise, "you're in the wrong place. You'll find her next door—Nicolle the tailor's—"

Thanking the lady, our reporter went in next door to find her being measured for a pair of flannel trousers—

"Beg pardon, Doctor—" exclaimed our impetuous representative. "I should like to get your opinion—"

"You can't get anything now, sir," promptly replied the fair *Æsculapian*; "wait till I get through."

Thus peremptorily silenced, the reporter withdrew and waited outside for a few minutes, and was finally joined by the genial Dr. Mary, who had just closed with the tailor by cautioning him not to forget the pistol-pocket.

"What can I do for you, sir?" she asked, in a gentlemanly voice.

The reporter put on a lady-like smile, and retorted:

"What do you think of Hilton and the Jews?"

"I don't like Hilton. I once asked him to subscribe to a fund for the promotion of Therapeutics among Indigent Females, and all I could get out of him was three yards of calico that had been damaged by a kerosene explosion."

"No!" gasped our reporter, "but what do you think of the Jews?"

"I don't like the fit of their clothes!" she said with a snap. "I've gone to Chatham street at least fifteen times in my life, and I never yet succeeded in getting a suit of clothes worth the money in fit. But between the Jews and Judge Hilton, I think I would rather have the Jews."

"Thanks," our reporter said, closing his note-book and taking out a cigar-case. "Will you smoke?"

"Much obliged," she said. "I'm easing off on cigars. I have smoked four to-day, and I won't try any more. Give my thanks to Puck when you get back, and tell the little fellow that I admire his clothes. They are so delightfully cool. I'd like to adopt them myself in this weather, but I'm afraid I cannot."

"I'm afraid not, ma'am. Good-bye. Many thanks." And the reporter took a whiff of his cigar, and walked hurriedly away.

Ever since the opening of this unfortunate controversy, PUCK has been deluged with letters from all quarters, asking perplexing questions concerning the several parties to the affair. One-half of the community wants to know if Mr. Seligman is a Hilton-Jew, and the other half is wild with anxiety to have its doubt settled as to whether Mr. Hilton is a Seligman Christian, or which, or what, or how, or who. Which is it?

THERE is something grand and heroic about the pineapple which compels our respect, not to say veneration. In a robust state, the pineapple is a tough article of commerce to handle without mittens. And when we observe how, even in death, he deals wide-spread desolation about; how, in the very throes of martyrdom, cut up into slices at one cent apiece, he is capable of ravaging more happy homes than the rum-fiend or the lighting-rod man, we feel inclined to take off our hat to the pineapple.

## THE SARATOGA LAMENT.

AS he turned me away from these beautiful portals  
That open to pleasures so sweet?

Has he dared to deny me the rights of all mortals  
In search of a summer-retreat?  
Most taunting affliction, most cruel of blows—  
Oh! why was I born with a hook in my nose?

My mind is as noble, my heart is as candid,  
My ways are as proper as his;  
Then why should he do that which never yet man did—  
My race with impunity quiz?  
Does he think that, defeated, I'll sink in repose?  
Oh! why was I born with a hook in my nose?

It isn't in anger I turn from his door-step,  
But filled with tremendous disdain;  
For e'en though I could, I should never one more step  
Take into his paltry domain;  
Yet, pride that is wounded still smarts in its throes—  
Oh! why was I born with a hook in my nose?

Oh! bosom of Abraham—thou still art Jewish—  
Don't shield the base wretch when he dies;  
Revenge comes with years, then *mein Herz, o sei ruhig!*  
He'll meet his reward in the skies;  
So bear up triumphant 'gainst earth's petty woes—  
Yet, why was I born with a hook in my nose?

SYDNEY ROSENFELD.

N. Y., June 20th, '77

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

PUCK has his mission to accomplish, not only in the realms of politics and humor, but in the fashionable world. He is the oracle of society, as well as several other things; and he makes it his duty to take cognizance of all "events in high life." Hereafter, he will from time to time make announcements of engagements, marriages, and other matters of general interest. To-day he begins with a few reports of his cousin Cupid's doings in the matrimonial field; and presents to his readers the following batch of engagements, which, it is scarcely necessary to mention, will be found in no other paper.

WALKER-DICKINSON.—Dr. M. Walker will soon lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Anna Dickinson, a young lady of distinguished attainments, and a recent society debutante.

ANTHONY-JOANNES.—It is rumored in fashionable circles that Georgiana, the Countess Joannes, has accepted the hand of Mr. S. B. Anthony, a gentleman well known in the lecture-field, and formerly a partner of J. W. Methuselah in the life-insurance business.

CRONIN-VAN COTT.—The engagement is announced of Mr. Cronin, the member from Oregon, and Mrs. Van Cott, authoress of "I Fill this Cup."

DANA-TOMRIJON.—We hear with pleasure that Mrs. Tomrijon, the charming poetess, has finally consented to smile on the ardent suit of Mr. Chas. A. Dana, one of our rising young journalists. The wedding will eventuate in November, and a magnificent trousseau has been ordered from Paris for the fair bride, who for several years has been noted for the nun-like simplicity of her attire.

TALMAGE-KELSEY.—Quite a stir has been made among the elite of this city by the news of the engagement of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage to Miss Lizzie Kelsey. It has been known for a long time that an attachment existed between the parties, but it was believed that the opposition of parents would prevent the match.

## Puckerings.

THE Jews are going to open an opposition hotel. No Gentiles need apply, at least no Hilton-Gentiles. Christians will be admitted.

THE Pope has refused to give the Count de Chambord any advice.—*Exchange*. Brace up, old Count, don't despair, there's the *Herald* P. I. man still left to apply to.

"There are twenty-four daily papers in New York, two of which are good."—*Boston Globe*.

Chorus of twenty-four New York dailies:  
"Thank you. Which is the other one?"

MRS. COX, of Holderness, New Hampshire, is, according to an exchange, suffering at the age of 101, from an attack of whooping-cough. It is this abnormal and unhealthy precocity that is the curse of American civilization.

THE Postmaster General refuses to allow sugar and flour to be sent by post; and, alas, our kind friend in Matanzas, who intended to mail us a hoghead of molasses in an envelope, is now forced to curb his noble impulse.

THERE was once a rich German banker  
Who for rooms at Grand Union did hanker;  
Said the landlord: "No Jews  
Or Jewy Hebrews  
I'll allow to come hither to anchor."

MR. OPPENHEIMER applied for a room at Saratoga. The gentlemanly clerk took a bird's-eye view of him and then shook his head and said Judge Hilton wouldn't have him. "But I'm a Roman Catholic! S'help me!" pleaded Mr. Oppenheimer.

THE statistic fiend has been at it again, and he has calculated that if all the stomach-aches peculiar to the season could be drawn out to full-length, it would be found that the average peach tree, if tackled sufficiently early in the season, is good for 211 miles 47 feet of agonized intestine.

THIS is the time when the fervent young lover rises to the surface and demands of Chas. A. Dana: "If she perceives my adoration, must she not reciprocate in course of time?" And Chas. A. puts his finger on one side of his nose and replies: "If so be as she do, why then she will; but if so be as she don't—"

THE war-map is doing its bloody work. The *Sun* informs us that "the dreaded phylloxera has appeared in Andalusia, and Malaga and Xeres are in terrible anxiety." But this new crop of names is greatly inferior to the old one. Andalusia can't hold a candle to Erzeroum or Kars or Musch. There is backbone to Phylloxera, though, we are compelled to own. It beats Bashi-Bazouk all hollow.

"Oh, why was I born?" said he, "why did they yank me by the hair out of eternal nothingness into concrete existence, to buffet the storms of this rude world with no postponement on account of the weather? What, then, is this problem of human destiny with which Science has impotently wrestled for so many centuries?"

But she told him, all the same, that there was no base ball for him that afternoon; and if he didn't get the kindling split before his father came home, there'd be some wrestling that would make Science open her eyes when she struck that wood-shed.

HE had cause to congratulate himself, afterwards, that he *had* worn his last summer's hat when he came down to our office with that joke about Nicotics. Now his expenses for repairs will be confined to one new summer suit, an artificial leg and a glass eye. But he will have to get the glass eye made to order, if he wishes to preserve the graceful and characteristic cock of the original.

THE wretched and selfish fossils who oppose Rapid Transit had a meeting the other night at Chickering Hall. It was largely composed of car-conductors, who applauded every sentiment to the echo. A car-driver is reported to have said, "if ever they build an illevated railroad on Sixth Avenue, it will be underground."

PARSON MURRAY advises every Adirondack sportsman to "take one fly-rod along with him."

Now, we are friends of Mr. Bergh, and we believe in humanity to animals, but this fly-rod business is carrying things a little too far. We don't propose to correct the morals of Adirondack flies. Modesty in flies is a good thing, and the lesson cannot be inculcated too early. But if any fly up in the Adirondacks comes fooling around us and giving us sass, we shall just light out for him in the good old-fashioned way with the flat of our hand, and we shan't care a cent whether we hit on the spank place or not.

## Answers for the Anxious.

G. N.—Your MS. returned, with thanks.

B. A.—Your "Hunt of the Hair" is too bald for our columns. Declined with thanks.

J. McL.—We don't know you personally, consequently could never have knowingly wronged you. Then tell us what, oh what you think we have ever done that merits such a contribution as the one you have just sent us to read. Fetching up lucidly at the end of your contribution, you say: "Not wanting it—chuck it." It is chucked.

NED SLETTWA.—Your humorous poem is indeed a noble production; but modeled a shade too much upon the strict Homeric style. Try something better calculated to touch the popular heart, and don't choose such abstruse and severely artistic subjects as "Why Pat Would Not Fatten His Horse."

FANNING. Do not try to write paragraphs. We appreciate your excellent intentions, but there is, Fanning, there is an Unattainable in Art, and that's just what you're attempting. Paragraphist nascitur, non fit. It requires the divine afflatus and a lot of other things to make a paragraph. Leave the work to such heaven-inspired geniuses as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, who does the funny business for PUCK.

J. R. C.—Bid your beating heart lie still. We shall be happy to use your poem, but—tell her to lie still again—not immediately, and—once more compel your cardiac organ to avast heaving—with some slight alterations, which, if you are the model of a considerate contributor we think you, you will bear with fortitude and resignation. The Duke of Wellington displayed fortitude and resignation at the battle of Bunker Hill, and we don't want to see any effete old foreigner beat Young America in a little matter like this.

H. C. D.—You are getting ahead, young man—getting ahead of your Bible history, even. Your poem on the Deluge has been read with interest. Do you still survive?

C. C. R.—We are truly pained to see you, doubtless a young man, at the very portals, as it were, of fame and fortune, embarking in the Baby business. There are fiends, wretches lost to all sense of thingumabob, unfortunate creatures like the author of "Helen's Babies," who do this kind of thing for a living. But judging from the sample you send us, we doubt if it would be wise for you to enter into competition with more experienced demons. Your poem on "Our Baby" has gone to meet the 1795 other contributions to baby-literature received in this office since May 1st.

## THE GAME THEY PLAYED.

HE was the Great American chess-player. At least he said he could beat any man in the crowd, and he swept the room with his eagle-eye as he said it, and his voice didn't tremble for an instant. It wasn't much of a room to sweep; but there was a cross-eyed gentleman with a red beard and a bald head, sitting in the north-east corner, and when he heard the boast of the very confident gentleman he took out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped the perspiration off the back of his neck, and said in a voice that was very meek under the circumstances, and not much over an able-bodied whisper: "I don't mind if I try you a game. It's a good while since I played a game, though." The Great American gathered two or three additional ounces of gleam into his eye, and widened his mouth into an unmistakable smile as he sat down to the table and began setting up the pieces with an inward chuckle. And then he made a few casual remarks about the weather, Tilden's last speech and the troops on the Danube, while his adversary was getting ready for the contest. There wasn't much delay on either side in getting the king's pawn moved out two squares, and the other gentlemen in the room who didn't know how to play chess thought the game would be over in about six minutes. The Great American then plunged in with a few reckless moves, and with a vehemence born of many triumphs; while the other men, expecting to see the old gentleman drop off dead after every move, exchanged looks of awful admiration and puffed tobacco-smoke into each other's eyes. And when the smoke had curled away and they saw the old gentleman still sitting calmly in his place, just as though nothing had happened, they flung the butts of their cigars away and drew nearer the table on the old man's side. The Great American didn't plunge so much any more. He called for a ten-cent smoke, spat hastily into the cuspidor a few feet off, and planted his elbows on the table with his head in his hands. There wasn't much excitement in the game to the lookers-on. It was too silent; and the monotony of the scene was only relieved by an occasional "check" sounded in the meek voice of the red-bearded old gentleman with the bald head; whereupon his adversary spat into the far-off cuspidor and braced himself more firmly on his elbows. There was very much silence wasted over that game, and the contest seemed to be waged principally by staring at the chess-board. The Great American rather beat his adversary on the time question, for he managed to look at the squares without touching the pieces at least three minutes longer than the old gentleman, every time. It took two hours and thirteen minutes on an old silver watch, that one of the guests had neglected to pawn, before either of the contestants spoke again, and then the cross-eyed old gentleman with the red beard said "mate" in a voice a little meeker, if possible, than before. Everybody concluded then that the game was over, though they hadn't the first idea how to play, for the Great American chucked his cigar out of a side-window with considerable force, and the lighted end hitting a small boy in the nose who was just passing by, made him set up such a yell that the waiter wanted to turn on the hose and put out a fire or something. And then the Great American kicked over the table and sent the queen's bishop flying into the bar-keeper's shirt-front, while the king's knight landed in a claret-punch. Then the old gentleman, a little meeker than ever, retired into his north-east corner and called for a lemonade with a stick in it, and the Great American dared him to play another game. But the red-bearded old gentleman didn't want to play any more, and the Great American looked angry

and knocked a fly off the looking-glass with the queen's castle's pawn, and was charged ten dollars for repairs. Then he upset the cuspidor and put on another man's hat, which didn't fit him and which he threw on the floor and stepped upon; which made the owner of the hat mad, and nearly led to a fight. Then he strutted about with his hands in his pockets and trod on another man's dog's tail; but the dog was a Spitz, who stood on his dignity and met the insult by biting the Great American in the heel. The latter swore very loudly and said he'd have that dog shot. But the owner had the Spitz on a four-foot string, and had paid two dollars for a license and wasn't afraid of anybody. Finally the Great American, sweeping the room once more with his eagle-eye full of scorn, walked out muttering something about a d—d old fool, and turned down a side street. But the meek old gentleman with a red beard and a bald head continued sipping his lemonade through a straw, and said finally in a penitential voice: "I'm sorry I won that game, for I hate to hurt any man's feelings."

## SIOUX OR CHINESE?

SHALL EITHER BE EXCLUDED FROM FIRST-CLASS SUMMER HOTELS?

HAD a bombshell fallen in the wigwam of Sitting Bull, there could not have been greater consternation among his squaws and leading braves when the news reached their ears that the proprietor of the Mammoth-Stars-and-Stripes-Spread-Eagle-Bird-of-Freedom Hotel, at Minnehaha, had refused to let rooms to Sitting Bull and his family for the season. The circumstances of this outrage on the Indian community, among whom are some of our most respected fellow citizens, are as follows: Mr. Sitting Bull, the eminent scalper, with some of his favorite squaws and a few dozen papposes, went to the office of the hotel, and spoke thus to the gentlemanly hotel-clerk: "Oh! mighty warrior of the mountain of light" (referring to the diamond pin which sparkled in the clerk's shirt-bosom), "I would set up my wigwam here to devour the balmy air of the moons of sunshine."

"I regret exceedingly, Mr. Sitting Bull," said the clerk, "that my instructions are not to let rooms to any Indians; our Chinese guests object to them. Of course, there could not possibly be more desirable inmates of the house than yourself and charming family, but my instructions from the proprietor are positive."

The great Indian chief felt naturally very angry, and asked if the Sioux had not always been models of propriety while staying at the hotel, and if so, why this insult should be put upon the oldest and most aristocratic family in the United States—a family to which the F. F. V.s and Knickerbockers couldn't hold a candle in point of antiquity? "It is rough," answered the clerk, "but you see our Chinese clientèle is an exceedingly extensive one, and it has asked us if we intend to take Indians this summer, and will not come if we do. We, of course, have no objection to you personally, but we must draw the line somewhere. We don't mind Sioux Indians, but we can't stand Indian Sioux. It is offensive to our Chinese guests for your folks to do the scalping in the parlors, and war-whooping and dancing on the piazzas, and flourishing your tomahawks over your victuals in the dining-room, instead of using chop-sticks, and partaking of Bêche-lemer and bird's-nest soup, or eating your roast puppy and broiled rat after the manner of fashionable Chinese and good children of Confucius. Besides, you don't wear pig-tails, and as you know, Mr. Sitting Bull, feathers in the hair are not considered quite the thing." Mr.

Sitting Bull, vowing vengeance, then left the hotel with his squaws and papposes, and formed an encampment in the street. He intends to punish the hotel-clerk indirectly through the United States government by at once withdrawing his patronage, and refusing to take blankets at any price from the Indian Bureau. Other Indian tribes may not follow his example, but it is really awful to think of the carrying out of Sitting Bull's threats. Mr. Wang Ching Foo entirely endorses the hotel proprietor's action.

## SUMMER RESORT NOTES.

PRINCIPAL among the attractions at LONG BRANCH this year will be a fine promenade band. Two Italian organ-grinders have already been lassoed, and the genial impresario, Dr. Damrosch, is hunting a fiddler-boy and a harp-wrestler with bloodhounds.

IMMENSE crowds will probably flee to LAKE HOPATCONG to avoid the equinox.

SITKA will be largely patronized by the élite of Hoboken.

NICSIC has been re-victualled, and now offers plain country fare, with all the delicacies of the season; within ten minutes walk of the Kars.

BRIDGEPORT has painted its principal hotel pea-green; and offers a chromo to the largest summer-boarder, without regard to race, color or previous condition of turpitude.

A LARGE consignment of extra black, ivory-polish hotel-waiters were shipped to SARATOGA yesterday.

PREMIUM POINT is booming right along in the Summer resort line, and means business. It has already hired a big buck nigger and a second-hand gong.

To those who are seeking a quiet place of retirement, where nobody else is going, we would recommend GOWANUS JUNCTION, on the Erie Railway. If that won't do, try the back-yard.

THE artists and sportsmen are already on their way to the ADIRONDACKS. They carry largest-size buckshot, and expect to kill a number of mosquitoes this season.

IT cannot be denied that the quality of MOUNT WASHINGTON clambakes is a little inferior; but the venerable hummock comes out strong on buttermilk.

THE POETIC BROTHERHOOD.  
HUGO AND TENNYSON.

AN incorrect copy of M. Victor Hugo's beautiful epistle, acknowledging the compliment paid him by Alfred Tennyson in his recent sonnet, has been going the rounds of the press. From this letter the most interesting portion was eliminated. PUCK has secured a correct copy of the suppressed original, which he here presents to his readers:

"TO ALFRED TENNYSON—My Eminent and Dear Brother: I read with emotion your superb verses. It is a reflex of glory which you send me. Why should I not love England, which produces men such as you—the England of Wilberforce, the England of Milton and Newton, the England of Shakspeare? France and England are to me a single people, as truth and liberty are a single light. I believe in the unity of humanity as I believe in the unity divine. I love all peoples and all men, and I admire your noble verses."

"Might I ask you to lend me half a dollar till the end of the heated term? With undying sentiments of elevated esteem,

"Your brother in Art,  
"VICTOR HUGO."

"WHERE, oh, where are the Hebrew children?" We don't know, but they are not at the Grand Union Hotel.

## THE SECRET OF VERSE.

(DEDICATED TO THE "POETS OF THE FUTURE.")

I'VE gained the conviction by thinking it o'er,  
 'Tis easy to be a great poet;  
 And the more I examine and ponder, the more  
 I am sure of the plan—and I'll show it;  
 So that, should you e'er wish to know how to soar  
 On the wings of your fancy, you'll know it.

Just measure your diction in rythmical feet,  
 And think more of rhyme than of reason—  
 As very few men will discover the cheat,  
 And less will be guilty of treason;  
 For a rare thing indeed is a reader discreet,  
 Who can judge what is out or in season.

Then clutch a wild metaphor, whether or not  
 Its aim be a false or a true one,  
 And slip it in somewhere, regardless of spot,  
 Where'er 'tis convenient to glue one;  
 So long as the sounds be melodiously got,  
 Don't ask if your method's a new one.

And remember this rule—for it safely holds good  
 As a guide in all mode of proceeding:—  
 Avoid making clear any thought, though you could;  
 Let doubt with each fancy be pleading;  
 For the poet whose verse is the least understood  
 Is the one who is surest worth reading.

SILAS DRIFT.

## THE SUMMER RESORTS.

## LETTER FROM NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 26, 1877.

Dear Puck:

THE water-power of these celebrated Falls was sold some weeks ago to a Buffalo brewer for \$75,000. And what a power of water—and brandy—is sold at the hotels during the "season" for a still larger sum!

The Buffalo man has not yet removed his water-power—probably because he hasn't the power.

Scientists say the Falls are gradually wearing away—diminishing at the rate of several feet in a thousand years. This may be so, but I don't think a person would notice this wearing-away process, unless his attention was specially called to it.

The man who comes here after an absence of five years cannot discover a particle of change in the Falls. And after skirmishing with landlords and hackmen for a day or two, he is extremely fortunate if he can discover any "change" in his pockets.

The tariff of prices is not quite so steep as last year; but you still have to get on the roof of a building to gaze over a week's board-bill. The latter is so very high. The hotel proprietors here would do terrible execution in the Russo-Turkish war—their "charges" are so fearful. The charge of Tennyson's Light Brigade looks pale and discouraged when compared with the charges at Niagara Falls. When a man is presented with its board-bill, after several days' sojourn here, he longs for another clime—a climb out of a fourth-story window, and down the fire-escape at midnight, for instance.

It is a little too early in the season for a general hegira hither of city fashionables, and barbers disguised as Counts and Dukes; but newly-married couples are rapidly touring this way. Conspicuous at the dinner-table to-day was a young lady wearing eye-glasses and an air of superior intelligence. She was accompanied

by her husband and a bulky tome entitled "The Mosaic Theory of the Creation Refuted." The honeymoon was evidently in its last quarter—and probably the husband was reduced to the same financial condition. I judged the couple were from Boston; and when they called for baked beans for two, my suspicions were confirmed. After disposing of several plates of this leguminous fruit, to the exclusion of nearly all other dishes comprised in the menu, the husband asked his wife if she would have some strawberries and cream for dessert. The lady wiped her mouth with her napkin, adjusted her glasses on her nose, and nasally replied that she preferred another plate of beans.

Another couple—a decidedly mellow pair—disgusted a few old bachelors and ditto maids by eating ice-cream from the same plate. Orange blossoms still bloomed in the bride's hair, and pearl powder and rouge lingered on her cheeks. She would gaze tenderly into his love-lit eyes, and he would look dreamily into her'n. And between each mouthful of cream he would say something sweet and soft—especially soft—and she would playfully tap him on the head with her spoon, and softly murmur, "Oh, you!" And the most stoical observer of such doings would be constrained to admit that "Love's Young Dream" discounted peaches and cream after all—and nothing short of "getting up with the lark," and going to market with a big basket and light pocket-book, and paying fifty cents a pound for butter and ten cents for liver, could conquer such deep-seated affection and remove the honeymoon's glamour from the souls of such an infatuated pair, and throw over their lives a dolman of stern reality and things.

Every married man should have a wife—to love him and spend his money, and get up first to make the fires. And every married woman should have a husband—a fond heart for whom she can sit up until midnight, patiently awaiting his return from the lodge, and listen to his frightful swears when his boots won't come off the first time.

A Niagara fraud wanted to charge me fifty cents to cross a bridge. I didn't take any. I concluded to wait until I returned home, where I can cross and recross a bridge all day for less money. It is a man's imperative duty to economize in these hard times.

Yesterday one of the hotel servants was arrested for stealing seven silver spoons. He said he couldn't tell a lie—his poor dead brother stole 'em, and he offered to restore five of the spoons if they would let him go, and say no more about it. The authorities being painfully ignorant of modern law, said that while the terms of the proposed settlement involved no reflection upon the defendant's deceased relative, they plainly tended to more deeply criminate the culprit himself, and they would be compelled, therefore, to commit him to prison in default of bail.

Did you, courteous reader, ever hear an instance of such ridiculous justice? Not liberate a man when he volunteers to restore five-sevenths of his plunder on behalf of his dead brother! Well may we coin a new phrase and ask: "Whither are we drifting?"

A couple of hackmen quarreled this morning over an affluent old chap who wished to hire a hack for two hours. Each Jehu was anxious to relieve the old gent of all his cash, and a most unpleasant discussion ensued. The vigorous epithets they hurled at each other for twenty minutes would have done credit to Gen. B. F. Butler and Hon. Wayne MacVeagh.

"Who picked an old lady's pocket of thirty-seven dollars and a-half, as she was getting out of a hack?" insinuated one.

"Who attempted to marry into a family where he wasn't wanted, in hopes of inheriting the old man's horse and carriage, and was

kicked out into the street with neatness and dispatch?" retorted the other.

And for a time the vocal émeute was about as interesting and edifying as an epistolary discussion of the Louisiana question by two American statesmen.

A new schedule of prices, recently adopted, imposes a fine of twenty-five dollars on each person who commits suicide by jumping over the Falls. Some folks might call this an imposition, but the Niagara chaps say they only mean business.

And "mean business" is a very appropriate name for it.

A granite monument is to be erected here over the remains of a hackman who fatally ruptured a blood vessel in a futile attempt to overcharge a visitor. The granite for the obelisk was quarried from the dead hackman's cheek.

Yours,

B. DADD.

## FITZNOODLE IN NEW YORK.

## XIV.

## MORE REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.



Ya-as. I don't think I shall take any more trouble in twying to comprehend Amerwican peculiarwities; it worwies my bwain to too gweat an extent. We-

publicans we ally seem wesolved to make everwything differwent from what wational fellaws in Gweat Bwitamin and Euwope have pwoved for hundweds of years to be wight—they do, 'pon my soul; and I think they take a special pwide in having an unweasonable wepugnance to English wules about matters—more so than for Fwench, or Wussian, or Austwian, or Pwussian, or Iwish, or Afwican, or Austwalian, or Bwazilian, or other places that a fellow weads about in geogwaphy-books, and are witten and pwinted on maps. Now everwy fellow knows that an omnibus is the pwoper name for a 'bus, yet Amerwicans call it a stage, as if it were an absurd arwangement for a dwama. If a fellow wides in one of these stages—which are horwible wattletwaps of things, and are unpwovided with cad's—he has to dwop his fare in a verwy peculiar glass case, as if he were posting a letter, and then the dwiver clicks something and the coins disappear in a wemarkable manner—just like conjurwng. As the dweadful vehicle wobbles about, a fellow stands a verwy good chance of getting his hat cwushed against the woof, and it is quite a welief to weach one's journey's end; and even then a fellow has to gwasp several stwaps to get the blasted thing to stop. I forgot to mention, that to get change you are obliged to poke up your curwency to the dwiver thwough a little hole, and then two bells or gongs wing and you get your money wapped in a little whity-bwown envelope. I shall never wide or dwive in an Amerwican 'bus again. I would pwefere the Marwownbone stage.

The wepublican policemen are also a gweat annoyance. They all swagger along, and carwy and flourwish awound long sticks like bwown bwoom-handles, weady to stwike a fellow at a moment's notice. I am told that this is neces-sarwy, as everwy other fellow is a desperwate charwacter, or a politician, or an alderman, or a member of Congwess, or some other scoundwel. The policemen take their pwisoners to places called "pwecincts"—as stations are unknown in this benighted countwy.

## LESSONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(Continued.)

THE OSTRICH. (*Struthio Camelis*.)

The Ostrich has been erroneously classed among insects, but this mistake was rectified when it was found that he could not be destroyed by insect powder, and then he was called a bird. And that's what he is—and a pretty tough one, who lives on stair-rods, old shoes, lager-beer bottles, inkstands, and sundry other delicacies of the season. His eggs are so heavy that very often he cannot lay any at all. He can run faster than a car-horse, and consequently is very often hunted. All animals who can run fast are as regularly pursued. When the ostrich gets into a bad fix in a chase, he sticks his head into the sand and thinks nobody can see him there, because he can't see anybody. This may be very wise, but it's death to the ostrich.

THE STORK (*Ciconia*)

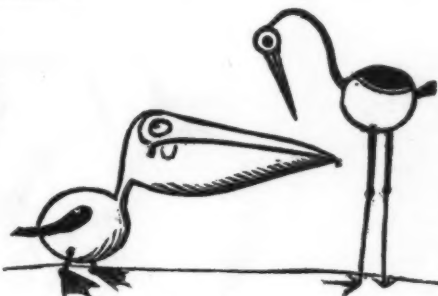
is distinguished by his long legs and his long bill; in the latter respect he is something like a first-class hotel in Saratoga. One thing which renders the stork immortal is his usefulness in providing German families with little children, thus saving mothers and fathers the trouble of picking them up under cabbage leaves—the laborious plan resorted to by American parents. The stork deserves the recognition of the community for his liberality in this infant produce. Our illustration which has been sketched by a special artist on the spot, shows the proud bird in the act of carrying home a nicely-bundled baby to the parents. The baby's sex may be readily distinguished by the side-whiskers.



THE FEMALE STORK

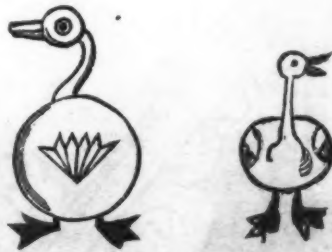
is very like the male, only the bill is a little sharper. She spends the greater part of her time in standing on one leg, which amusement offers many variations; as there are two legs in all that she can utilize. Her principal food consists of snakes, frogs and such like birds, with an occasional seventeen-year locust as dessert.

Two birds that are very frequently confounded on account of the similarity of their build are

THE PELICAN. (*Pelicanus onocrotalus*), and THE FLAMINGO. (*Phoenicopterus*.)

which we present in one picture, so that you may be better able to judge of their similarities. The Pelican feeds its young on its own blood, when it lives in a town that hasn't been re-victualled and can't procure any better food. The Flamingo has a long neck and red wings, which, however, is not the Pelican's fault.

Much more useful than either Pelican or Flamingo is

THE GOOSE. (*Anser*.)

This being a very rare animal, we give a front view and a hind view of it. You pay your money and you take your choice. The Goose is no good until he is cooked, and then he is roast-goose with sauce for the gander. The goose is not an intellectual bird; on the contrary, a silly goose is a well-known species of animal, and generally of the female sex. The goose cannot drink whiskey like ex-President Grant, and cannot spout through his nose like the whale, but he never appears depressed on account of this deprivation. Hence we may learn a lesson of dignified patience and resignation from the goose. We should never grow sulky or ill-tempered because we cannot spout

through our noses. The goose is web-footed, which gives him a large expanse of palm, enabling him to correct his offspring with elegance and precision.

When the goose's career as a goose is finished, he is roasted and stuffed with sage and onions, but he doesn't stay so long. He is hard of digestion, but he tastes good. Any time you want to take us out and treat us to roast-goose, you may do so. Then you will realize this touching tableau:



(To be continued.)

## LECTURE LACONICS.

IT is popularly supposed that Gough is obliged to re-tail his coats as often as his jokes. We are in a position to assure an anxious public that, with a judicious use of rubber-cloth lining, one coat lasts at least five lectures.

Bayard Taylor's old lecture on *Egypt and the Hieroglyphs* is so like the chapter on the same subject in Swinton's lately published *General History* that you cannot tell either from which. But as Cowper says:

"The mind, impressible and soft, with ease  
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees."

Theodore Tilton's little impromptu "gag" concerning that Methodist is about played out. We are happy to inform the suffering public that it will not be repeated next year. He is contemplating a poetical, historical, ethical, transcendental oration, entitled, "*The Meekness, Moderation and Morality of ME.*"

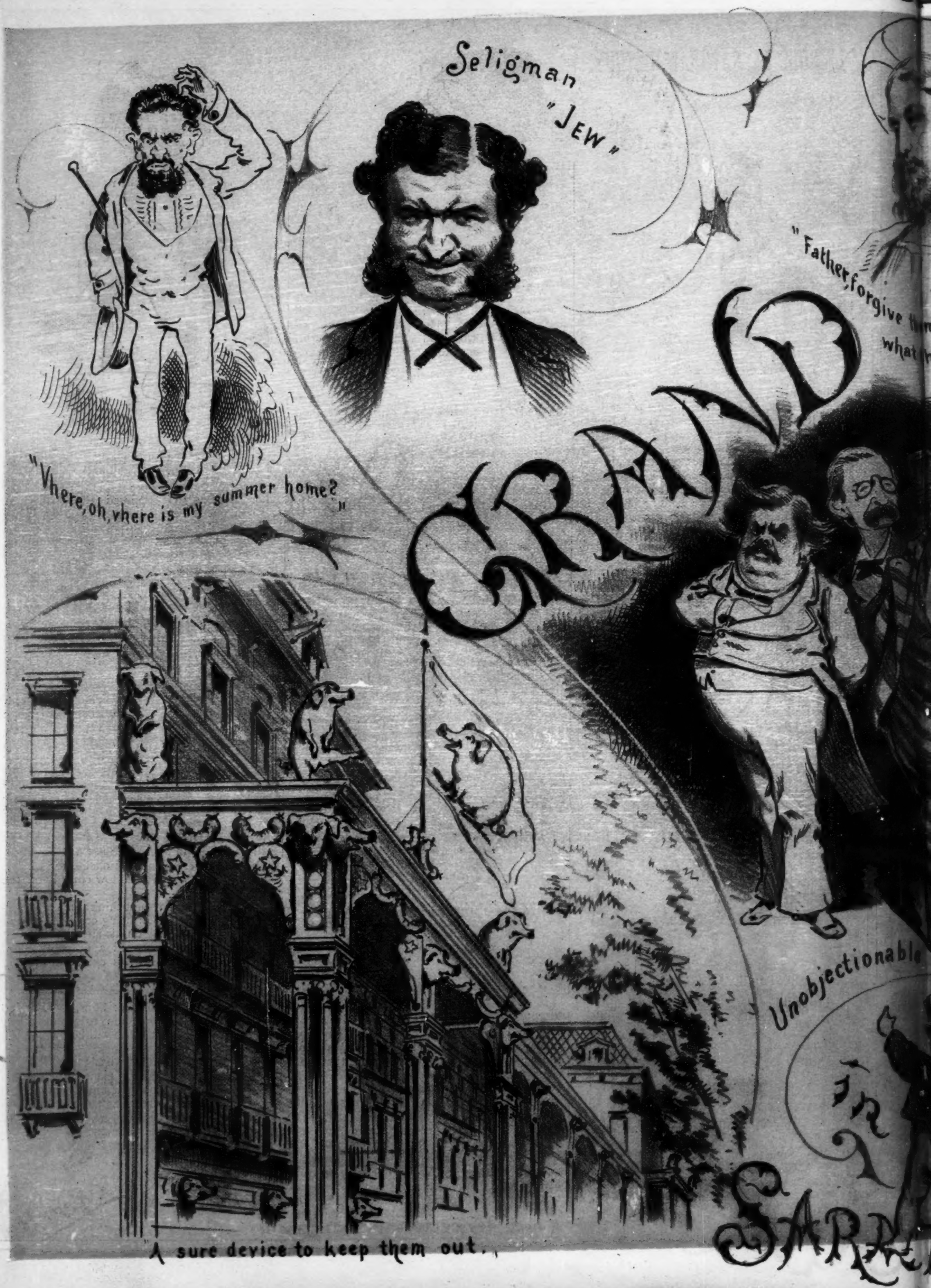
Talmage is to spend his vacation in thinking up excruciating distortions of his mother-tongue, and he will be prepared to inundate Lyceums next winter with such a flood of eccentric thought and language, that there won't be a dry sentence in his lecture nor a sane person in his audiences. No extra charge for diluted slang, and the best clerical low comedy on the platforms.

Martin Tupper does not think much of American appreciation. On being consoled with in London the other day on his lack of success in his visit to us, he heaved a dyspeptic sigh, turned up the whites of his eyes, and warbled one of his own verses:

"Can a pint contain the measure of a quart?"

We hear that Moses & Sons, the London clothiers, have retained him to poetize their advertisements, and that he will be open to no more rostrum-calls.

Beecher, the Behemoth, has earned his fifty thousand dollars like a little giant. The number of bald heads and bonnets nightly facing that honey-mouthed speaker has afflicted him with permanent optical illusions—a kind of rhetorical D. T.—in which he sees dancing before his eyes boulder-stones set in artificial flowers. It was to this melancholy circumstance that the correspondent of the *London Standard* referred when he wrote: "The visions he conjures glitter like precious stones; his tropes and similes are wreathing garlands."



Seligman  
"JEW"

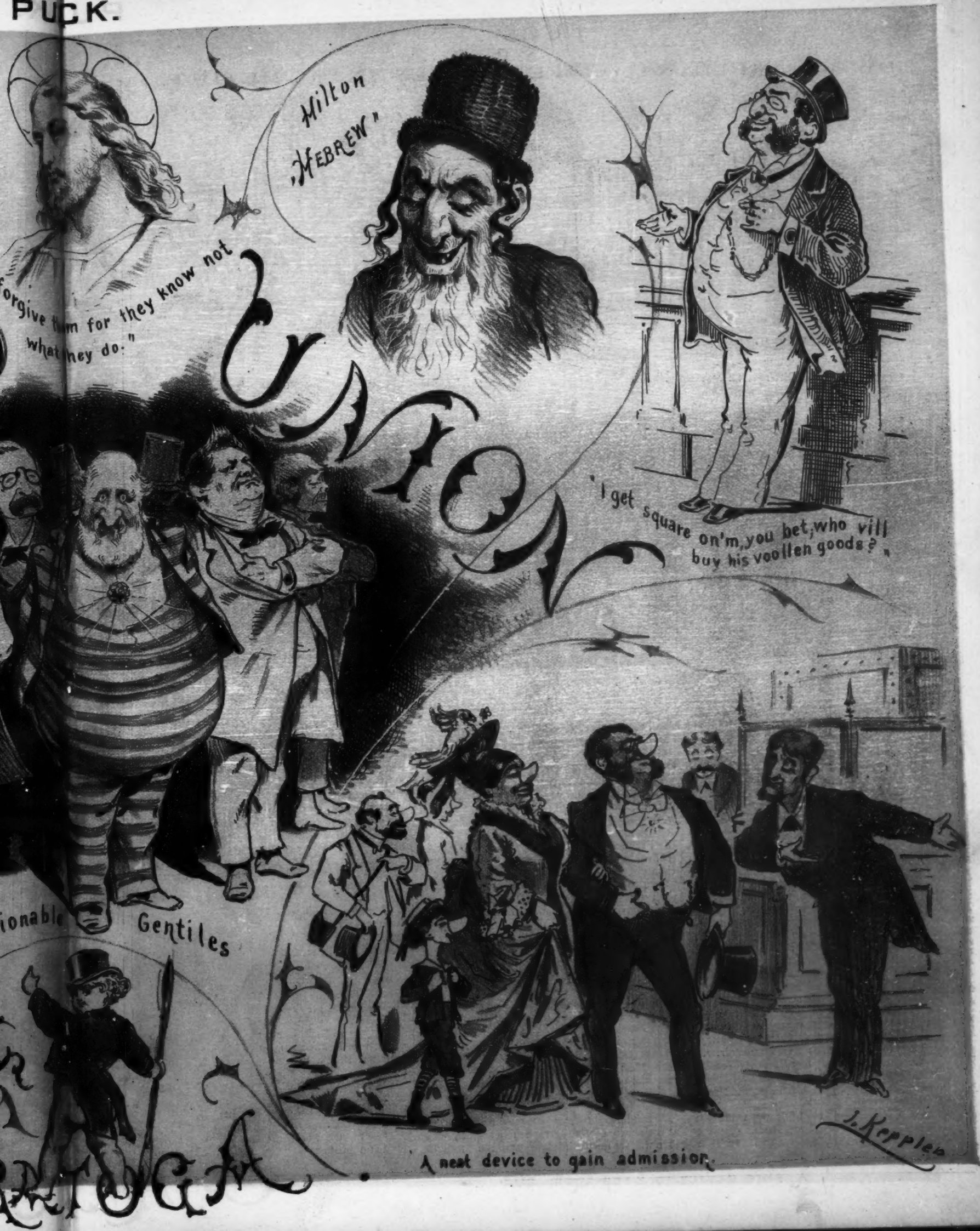
"Where, oh, where is my summer home?"

"Father, forgive me  
what"

Unobjectionable

A sure device to keep them out.

S. A. R.



Milton  
HE BREW

Forgive them for they know not  
what they do."

I get square on'm, you bet, who vill  
buy his voollen goods?

ionable  
Gentiles

A neat device to gain admission.

J. Keppler

## HOW MRS. MULLANY DROVE THE HEN INTO THE COOP.



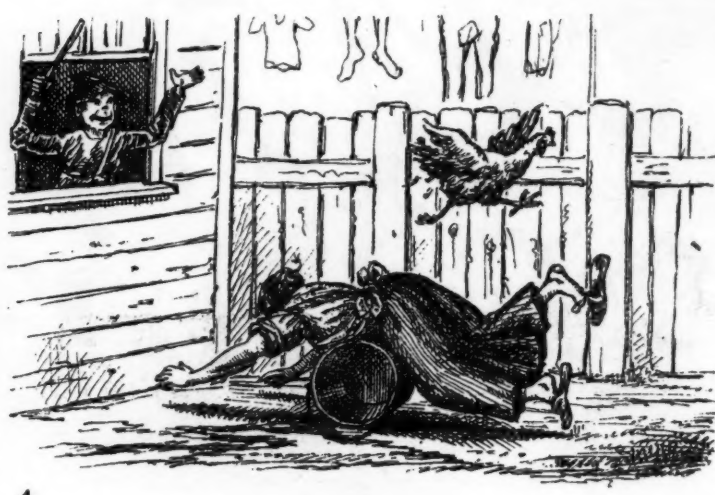
"SHOO, SPOTTY, BE AISY NOW!"



"COME BACK HERE, YE BLACKGYAIRD!"



"NOW I HAVE YEEES, YE THAFE!"



"OCH, MURTHUR!"



HEATED FANCIES.

Dear Puck:

I SHAN'T begin by informing you that June is here, for, even to a young man of your décolletée toilette, the fact must be too evident to need comment. But June being here, there is borne on the Summer air, besides a fragrance of June roses and the smell of the Petroleum Works of Hunter's Point, a laziness and mild apathy that enter deep into the soul of man, and make him sink all thought of daily occupation into deep oblivion.

Which is why I shut my eyes and ears to the theatrical performances that are now vainly endeavoring to entice with their summer attractions, and lolling back in my rocking-chair, with Araminta sitting at my feet, listlessly reading the last story by the author of "Helen's Babies," give myself over to fleeting fancies, and dream of a golden future.

And as "Waves" is withdrawn from Wallack's, the Great American Drama vanishes from the vista of my imagination, and in its

stead rises a monstrous family tree with untold branches, teeming with French fruit, more or less forbidden, but offering boundless possibilities to the adapting mind.

For Boucicault doesn't dream in summer; and while other and unwary mortals are reveling in heated inactivity, the great adapter is at work spreading his tendrils and entwining himself about managerial affections. And I see the French drama, in Boucicaunted form, taking its firm hold at Wallack's in the Fall, as the ultimate returning-point of the management—notwithstanding the pleasant festivities that shall intervene when the Lydia Thompson troupe of sportive and burlesquing blondes take possession of the theatre.

I see a kindred programme ahead for the Union Square management, after the Soldene Troupe have held their rapturous sway, and the Wilkinsons have got through the preliminary season with their Western drama, "Struck Oil," which returns to America with the stamp of English approval upon it.

At Daly's, "Rip Van Winkle" will take his long sleep in Fall, when the season may awaken from its Summer slumber. And so on into the records of all our theatres I take a peep ahead, forgetful of the present programmes.

I wonder who our next season's loves will be?

I wonder whether our hearts will still worship at the shrine of last year's beauties? For the love we feel for the idol beyond the footlights

is a feeble one, and I have known the young man who poured out his youthful ardor in verse dedicated to Rose Eytinge in Spring, to reconstruct his poetry of the future for the benefit of Sydney Cowell in Fall.

I dream of new faces beaming upon us when Winter comes, and newly-wounded hearts bowing down to the lustre of these faces.

But clearer, brighter and dearer than any new face that dawns, lingers the one face of last season; and I pat myself on the back in figurative approval for my constancy, and renew my last year's devotion to my platonic ideal. I won't mention her name.

Araminta is stealing furtive glances at me every few minutes, and I am almost afraid even to think of her too long, for the flush that mantles the little bald spot at the back of my head has betrayed me often before.

But I am not writing a play for her. She has escaped that act of selfishness which too often destroys the harmony of kindred souls—before and behind the footlights.

And yet I should like to. I could throw so much honest affection into the love-speeches, and cast such a halo of purity over the entire fabric.

But I shall leave the task to some other, and content myself with abusing the work after it is finished, and showing how it fails to offer scope for one tithe of her graceful art.

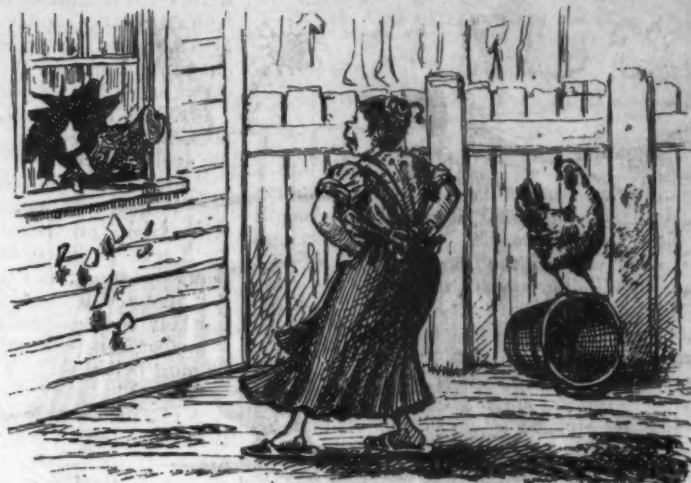
I see in the golden future a score of new dramatic productions that are now but in em-

## HOW MRS. MULLANY DROVE THE HEN INTO THE COOP.



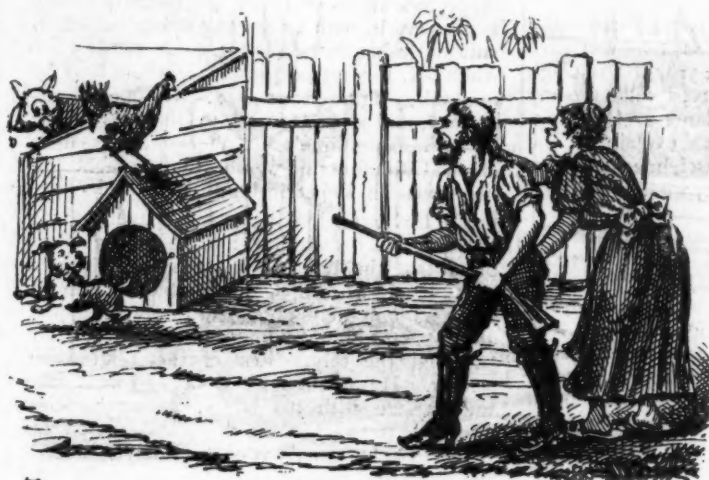
5

"BAD LUCK TO YE, I'LL MAKE MINCE-MATE OF YE THIS TIME!"



6

"AH-H-H! WUD YE LOOK AT THAT, NOW!"



7

REINFORCEMENTS.



8

"PATSY, YE'RE A JEWEL!"

bryo, or undergoing a languid development, that shall ripen in Fall.

Among the new repertoire that will dawn are plays for Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, Kate Claxton, and Minnie Palmer.

Magnus, one of the parents of "Conscience" has taken us into his confidence, and unbosomed the heart that beats beneath the white vest, of the oppressive fact that he has a new play on the tapis, in collaboration with that scintillating feuilletonist and delicious versifier H. C. Bunner; and I feel confident, if this productive pair can survive the heat of the Summer, and the fire of their allied imaginations, and if their bright particular "star" doesn't fade, theatre-goers will rejoice over one bright dramatic work at least next Fall.

And Minnie Palmer, youngest and perhaps most ambitious of all, has let the light of her pretty eyes rest upon me long enough to say in strict confidence that she will have a play next season that will be the acme of all theatric acquisitions. It is a collaboration too. I dare not mention the authors' names. But they are both inspired. Any man who could help feeling a sort of gentle intoxication at the thought of linking together a host of sweet dramatic delights for Minnie Palmer's accommodation, would be unworthy the name and title of playwright. One of the authors is a journalist, the other is a lawyer. What such a pair, with such sweetness and light to enliven them, cannot accomplish, must belong to the realms of the

unattainable. And there are other authors equally sanguine whose confidence I revel in—but to whom I have pledged a promise of awful silence.

So while I sit and muse, and dream and perspire, there is a cheerful hope alive in my breast, that next season will be a busy one replete with the blessings of industry and virgin enthusiasm.

Drink in the fragrance of the roses while they last; sip the lemonade while its delights are freshest; take your excursion on the Plymouth Rock and make yourselves happy or miserable as the case may be, in the various glens and coves of summer retreat—for you will need all these balmy comforts to strengthen you for the duties of the Fall campaign.

Languidly Yours,

SILAS DRIFT.

P. S.—If you must do something more desperate in the meanwhile, go to Gilmore's Garden and hear the Baritone sing: "O do not wake me, let me dream again."

## PUCK'S PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

BY OUR OWN HERALD.

THE Count Joannes is fluted bias.  
TIGLATH PILESER did not live in Hoboken.  
EMERSON is going to get a reversible instep.  
GARFIELD parts his suspenders on the left side.

CRONIN never puts pomatum on his green corn.

GRACE GREENWOOD is giving us mucilage on a cribbage-board.

OLEOMARGARINE cannot scratch dirt. But it is good for corns.

ZACH. CHANDLER is at Nantucket, digging clams with a corkscrew.

UNLESS Butler goes to Saratoga, he will probably stay somewhere else.

THE Rev. Talmage will summer at Hellgate. He will carry a lucifer match.

OLEBILLALLEN does not grow on gumgum trees in remunerative quantities.

THE report that Gail Hamilton had caught the georgefrancistrains is denied.

TO KEEP your winter grates from moths, soak them in linseed oil and lemonade.

GEN. FRANK SPINOLA will engage rooms for himself and shirt-collar at Long Branch.

A PETITION is being circulated to induce Wayne McVeagh to summer at Erzeroum.

WE are authorized to contradict the rumor that Whitelaw Reid eats potatoes with two g's.

CHAS. FRANCIS ADAMS has got a position as ice-cream freezer at the Grand Union, Saratoga.

ANNA DICKINSON can turn a flip-flap over her bustle, but her mother does not like to have her do it.

GARFIELD measures eleven inches round the elbow, and generally walks with his left ear festooned around his ankle.

## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

IF only we could divest ourselves of immediate considerations, what mirth we might find in the grave affairs of our lives! There is a droll side to the most serious of our transactions. There was drollery in the scene enacting in the library at Riverford, and the earnest gravity of the actors added piquancy. Here were M. de Gaillefontaine and Mr. Silas Fox arbitrating the destiny of Miss René Biron, who, with the indifference of unconsciousness, was reading Molière within hearing distance.

On one side of the small table at her back stood the dapper little Frenchman, his closely cropped hair bristling with excitement; on the other the round-shouldered Englishman, anxiety for a time displacing the habitual smile from his greasy face. Each had in his grasp an equal part of the will, and knew that in his hand he held an instrument which was to give the possessor fortune and a dominant position. Silence was necessary; force was necessary. But the means they employed to obtain their ends imperilled success. All three of that party might be ruined if the crackling of the paper in their clutch caused René to turn, and, seeing their struggles, to demand an explanation. It was no time for inaction; a moment's delay might be fatal to the hopes of the two men. One quick glance towards René, and the next moment M. de Gaillefontaine settled the question of possession. The will was divided. The quick snap as the knife, cutting through the document, struck the table beneath attracted Miss Biron's attention. The eyes of both men were upon her, and quick as the movement of her head they prepared themselves for her observation.

With the celerity of a man accustomed to the rapid passes of fence, M. de Gaillefontaine slid the knife out of sight, thrust the hand containing the half-will into his bosom, and assumed an air of *bien-faisance* as he rested his knuckles on the table. Mr. Fox, with the subtlety of one by nature crafty, closed up the possession in his hand, and leaning with both on his side of the table, smiled into the face of his antagonist.

René saw two men rising from a game to which one had just cried domino. There was nothing to excite suspicion; the sharp crack had possibly been made in triumphantly setting down the winning piece.

"Shall we play another game?" asked M. de Gaillefontaine gaily. The dramatic situation was entirely in accordance with the natural disposition of the man.

Mr. Fox put his hand to his breast and sat down, whilst M. de Gaillefontaine shuffled the dominoes.

René closed her book and rose to leave the room. Mr. Fox looked nervous, and put his hand in his trousers-pocket.

"If you will allow," said M. de Gaillefontaine to René, "I will ask Roberts to find a book for me."

"I will send him to you," said René; and withdrawing ordered the man to wait upon M. de Gaillefontaine.

"I have ordered this Roberts for your satisfaction, my dear Mr. Fox," explained M. de Gaillefontaine, in a low voice, and then instructed the man to look for a book in the further shelves of the room. He continued, addressing Mr. Fox in a tone which would escape the hearing of the man at the end of the room:

"But you have nothing to apprehend, my good friend. A Frenchman uses his wits first, and if they fail he applies the weapon; but then he fights with the rapier, and not with his fists. My faith, he is not a plow's man. Let us commence, mister. We will try our wits. How do we stand? Consider!"

Mr. Fox considered, his hands still in his pockets; on his face a contemplative smile. He said softly:

"I have half the will."

"Without a signature, and written by yourself. Good, my friend."

"I can produce witnesses to swear to its being drawn out and signed."

"Madame de Gaillefontaine—mon Dieu, the fair lady you have the trouble to call my wife—one witness; yourself the other. Which shall be most believed?"

"Hey?"

"The man who is interested in ruining Miss Biron, or the lady who is interested in ruining M. de Gaillefontaine? I ask which of these two shall he believed when they stand up to accuse us?"

"Miss Biron will believe."

"But you are not so flat as to tell her. What good shall it do you?"

"That depends upon the terms I can make with the rightful heir. If he says he will give me three hundred pounds a year if I put him in possession of his property, I will take my poor little half will and Madame de Gaillefontaine and myself to Miss Biron, explain all, and live afterwards with a conscience eased of secrets. And now, monsieur, what will you do with your half?"

"My dear sir, this scheme, of which you have been so generous and so frank as to explain all, is so excellent, that I cannot do better with my half than to use it as you propose. I too will go to our Mr. Hugh Biron. It is very kind of you to explain to me what cards you have in your hand."

Mr. Fox did not relax the muscles of his face, but there was speculation in his eyes, as he thoughtfully fingered his chin and looked into his opponent's face. Presently he said smoothly:

"Consideration will incline you to do no such thing, monsieur. If Mr. Biron should be as honorable as his cousin he will refuse to accept your offer, and at the same time will inform Miss Biron of her steward's duplicity. No such consideration will affect me. I have no position to endanger."

Now M. de Gaillefontaine became thoughtful. At length a smile lit up his face, and he said:

"Mr. Fox, I have done you injustice. You have wit. I apologize for having doubted it. It will make me proud to call you my friend."

"How much would you give for the privilege?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds a year."

"One hundred and fifty pounds per annum?"

"It is a sum not worth losing, mister. You shall have a year in advance to-morrow morning, when you leave the house."

"And the will—your half?"

"I will keep, and you shall keep yours. It will put into our memory the mutual obligation we enjoy. They are not worth contesting—these little pieces of parchment and paper. If Miss Biron and Mr. Biron will not believe you, will they believe these? Their only use is to remind us of our obligations, as I have said. And we will each keep our part. I am resolved; will you accept my terms?"

After a few minutes' reflection, Mr. Fox rose and said:

"You will of course destroy your part; and as I see no method of preventing you, monsieur, I will accept your conditions."

"You shall have the money, my good friend, to-morrow morning, and regularly year after year so long as you continue my good, my silent friend. Good-night."

Mr. Fox retired to his room, in which he was to sleep for the last time, and seating himself, thought deeply. He had entered into a treaty, but it was in common with all treaties, and he, in common with all rascals, could break it if it served his purpose. He felt that he had done the best which circumstances permitted him to do, and, under the inability to get more, was satisfied to receive the amount M. de Gaillefontaine offered. But was this income assured to him? This was the question upon which Mr. Fox's mind was most unsettled. Clearly the Frenchman would not pay if he could avoid it; and Mr. Fox knew him too well to believe that he knew him thoroughly. One rascal always doubts another, for honesty does not exist amongst thieves. Because Mr. Fox would have no scruple in breaking the treaty if it served his purpose, he suspected that M. de Gaillefontaine would be similarly unscrupulous, and he strove to imagine in what way his antagonist could evade his obligation. In the first place, would he destroy his portion of the will, and so preclude its recovery by Mr. Fox? or would he preserve it, with a view to getting the other half, and using the whole for some purpose of which Mr. Fox was at present ignorant? The uncertainty agitated Mr. Fox. He opened his window, and looked across to the wing where M. de Gaillefontaine's apartments were situated. M. de Gaillefontaine was at that moment letting down his Venetian blind.

Mr. Fox, after looking at the heavens for a time, closed his window, and so arranged his blind that the light shining through might be seen from M. de Gaillefontaine's window. Then he took off his boots and drew on a pair of slippers, which by long use seemed to have acquired the oily, silent character of their wearer. He opened his door and went into the passage with his boots; seeing nobody about, he put them down and closed his door. He buttoned his coat closely, proceeding along the passage and down the stairs into the vestibule, and thence he ascended the staircase leading to the wing. He paused upon the landing. So far he had made his way without meeting any one, but now he heard a servant humming in one of the rooms adjacent. He turned to descend, but found by the voice and light that the servant had left the room and was coming towards him. M. de Gaillefontaine's rooms were upon the floor above; but were his doors open, he could hear voices upon the stage beneath. Mr. Fox was preparing for a hasty descent, in order to avoid being addressed by the servant, when an alteration in the sound of her voice showed him that she had entered another room. Quick as thought he turned about, hastened across the landing, and was upon the upper stairs when the maid came into view. She ran down-stairs, and Mr. Fox breathed freely. Now he stole upwards, his senses straining for any indication of M. de Gaillefontaine. All was dark and silent. He reached the passage leading to the rooms and could see no light, but he heard the muffled sound of M. de Gaillefontaine's peculiar song without tune. He had heard it frequently, and only when he had reason to suppose M. de Gaillefontaine was engaged in pleasurable reflection. Mr. Fox believed that it boded him no good; but it served him as a guide now, and assured him that his presence was not suspected. He crept to the door with bated breath, and felt for the keyhole. But the key was so turned that there was nothing to satisfy his eyes. He listened. Beyond the faint humming there was at regular intervals a sound which Mr. Fox was puzzled to account for. A "click" followed by a faint surging noise was what he heard.

Suddenly an explanation occurred to his mind, and he withdrew, feeling that he had not come in vain. He descended to the vestibule without interruption, and thence he boldly made his way to the housekeeper's room, and begged her to lend him a needle and some thread. His wants supplied, he went to his room, locked his door, and seated himself near the light. Then he took his waistcoat, and with his pen-knife made a transverse slit in the lining. He took from his pocket the crumpled piece of will, and inserted it smoothly between the lining and the outer material of his waistcoat. When he had threaded his needle and tied a knot on the end of the double thread, he set about sewing up the document in his waistcoat, and for safety he passed the needle through the cloth, the parchment and paper, and the lining; and as the needle "clicked" and the thread scratched in being drawn out, he listened with his head on one side and a smile on his face, as a musician might listen to a fork in comparing its pitch with a remembered note.

M. de Gaillefontaine had matters to communicate to Miss Biron that night, but before descending he arranged his toilet and regarded himself in the cheval-glass. He looked over his shoulder at his faultless back; he smiled, to show his white teeth; he curled his fine moustache; he applied a powder-puff delicately to his forehead; and then he went to the further end of the room to observe the *tout ensemble* from a distant point of view. He was pleased; for he saw in the reflection a man whose personal appearance was agreeable to the eye, a man of no mean aspect; one who might fairly claim distinction on account of his corporal attributes alone, as a clipper asserts its swiftness by the lines of its hull; a man who might make men respect and women admire him.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Fox," thought he, turning away, "I shall destroy that little evidence of a will which disinherits Miss René Biron. Oh, yes, if I marry. But if I do not, it may be of service to me in another way. It is true, oh, yes! Ah, my fine mister—my Fox, you would be a viper if Nature had not fashioned you a logs."

(To be continued.)

### THE TAG.

THE climax of the new play is reached. The ingénue has emerged from the second entrance left, and falls into the arms of the ingénu at right-centre, while the stern parent is relenting at left-centre, with a very large pocket-handkerchief. The heavy villain scowls in right-corner, as only a man can scowl who has been foiled, ha! and by a boy! The first old woman, blocking up the centre-door in flat, expresses comic amazement with uplifted hands and eyebrows, and the hero slips from the embraces of the heroine, and comes down to the front to deliver the tag—a few well-chosen words of graceful wit or apt humor; an inspiration, perhaps, direct from heaven—I do not know; I cannot know, for the intelligent and appreciative audience has risen.

The gentleman from Kalamazoo on my right is putting on his overcoat, and sticking his elbow into my ear; the lady from Peoria on my left adjusts her shawl, and flaps the corner of it into my eye; the gentleman from Jersey City in front has elevated his six feet of gawkiness between me and the stage; and behind, the honorable member from the Skowhegan district is already giving his neighbors his ungrammatical but decided opinion of the drama. I dive for my hat, trying to steady myself against my right-hand friend (Kalamazoo), who is struggling manfully for the main aisle, and who evidently regards my motives for tarrying with grave suspicion. I take the hat in my

hand and follow the fair Peorian, who looks over her shoulder at me as if she thought it a contemptible affectation on my part to remain uncovered in her presence. Arrived in the passage-way, I glance back at the stage. The tag is ended. A mechanical smile lights up the features of the players, still standing in tableau. I can see the leading man's lips move as he bows and turns away, and then my attention is diverted to that spot in the small of my back in which the rustic in my rear has settled his knee.

But as I go out, I cannot help wondering, what must be the feelings of that gifted actor who for the entire evening has striven with all the skill acquired in years of careful study and conscientious practice to amuse the foolish and edify the wise among us, and to whom, now that he brings his earnest labor to an artistic close, we will not pay the poor compliment of half a minute's attention?

What is the reason of this absurd and vulgar custom? What impels us to rise and start for the door a minute—sometimes even five minutes—before the curtain falls? What is gained thereby? The practice is a discourtesy to the people on the stage, and an annoyance to those in the audience who wish to see the play out. Why, then, are we discourteous and annoying? There are plenty of cars and omnibuses waiting for us outside; there are tables enough at Bigot's and the Brunswick. We are not exhausted; we have not had to sit through two or three plays in one evening, as is the custom in London. And if we had, would we have been as fatigued as the weary professionals who played them? There can be no more serious cause for our untimely haste. Not one of us has left a dying wife or child at home. When we have such afflictions we are not expected to go to the theatre. It is only of the people behind the lights that these sacrifices are exacted.

I do not believe this ungracious fashion obtains, at least in so gross a form, outside of New York. Provincial audiences, proverbially ill-bred, will keep their seats till the fall of the curtain. Every French play that is translated for our boards has to be curtailed of its tag, and made to end with a snap-climax. If these last words contain anything necessary to the understanding of the plot, they are interpolated in some previous scene. From every one of Shakspeare's plays, when represented here, some exquisite lines of conclusion must be clipped, not because they are superfluous or undramatic, but simply because the people will not wait to hear them.

Nothing will keep the average spectator in his seat—not the mild remonstrance of the play-bill, nor the frowns of his exceptionally sensible neighbor, nor the sarcasm of the newspaper critics—not even "Hail Columbia" by the band.

He rises as soon as the finale comes in sight; he begins to make his toilet for the street; he puts his hat on the back of his head, and he struggles into his overcoat. Then he goes out with an air that says to the workers on the stage: "My good fellows, I've paid a dollar and-a-half to see you; I've had enough of you, and I'm going to quit. I have a right to do so, and I mean to exercise it."

He probably thinks this, at any rate. But does a dollar and-a-half give a man a right to make a hog of himself? If it is rude to your friend to turn away from him while he is speaking, it is rude to an artist to turn away from him under similar circumstances. And unless it is the correct thing to wear one's hat under a roof, in the presence of ladies, the average spectator, in going through the above-mentioned little performance, incidentally insults every woman in the audience.

And yet it is not bad heart, nor is it bad breeding, that induces our audiences to forget

what they are themselves and those on the stage. Note how they receive a stranger upon his debut, and how they welcome an old friend on his return. If it were necessary, I could give many instances of the sympathetic and spontaneous courtesy and kindness of which our people are capable. This particular exception to the rule of polite good-nature springs simply from thoughtlessness.

But it is a thoughtlessness that will be checked only when some wise manager puts his foot down, and directs the members of his company, the first moment that they detect the signs of a stampede in front, to strike work, to stop at the syllable on their lips, drop their stage-faces, and bolt for their respective dressing-rooms.

There will be an astonished audience the first night, but one that will accept the situation and be wiser, collectively and individually, thereafter.

Trust me, he need have no fear to do this. Our people have, in these matters, a little *esprit* and a great deal of horse-sense. They will recognize their fault, acknowledge the justice of the rebuke, and respect the sensible and courageous fellow who administers it.

P. O'HARA.



### Puck's Archanges.

A COLORED whitewasher yesterday came to the Central Market to complain to Brother Gardner that a man for whom he did some work had gone into bankruptcy, leaving a balance of seventy-five cents unsettled and uncollectable.

"I doan' feel sorry for you a cent's worth," brusquely replied the old philosopher. "You doan' nebber hear of nobody failing on me, does you?"

"Not as I remember of."

"In course you doan'. Why, cause I has bin right down fine on business principles ebber since the crash of '57. Now, Misser White, look me in de eye while I tell you dat de proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' around de business horizon. If you owes a firm, an' dat firm is shaky, doan' pay de debt, but wait till dey fail. If a firm is shaky and owes you, sit on the doah-step till you get de money. Now go 'long wid your whitewash."—*Detroit Free Press*.

EXTRACT from a base ball report in a western paper: "Gerhardt advanced him a base, although he himself died at first at Dehlman's hands; Craver hit desperately, but only made a foul tip for Clapp to haul in, while Remsen attended to Schafer's high fly." We don't know much about base ball, but it appears that the game went right on after "Gerhardt died at Dehlman's hands"—the body being removed in an ambulance, probably. We suspect Dehlman was not arrested for causing his death until the close of the game.—*Norr. Herald*.

It is observed by the Boston *Post* that "the girls who bet on the races are winsome creatures." It has hitherto been supposed that they were rather lose characters.—*Graphic*.

AFTER a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of green sward in search of bait.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THE measles in Raleigh are on the subside—*Wilmington Review*. Up this way they break out all over.—*Richmond Enquirer*.

JOHN ADAMS, son of Charles Francis, has made a marble bust of his father; and the sole objection to it is that the marble gives him a warm, genial look, entirely foreign to the original.—*Rochester Democrat*.

DARWIN believes that birds have religious distinctions. Of course, hens belong to the laity.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

THERE is an old adage, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." We suggest that a man's stomach in June ain't that place.—*Petersburgh Post*.

IT is now proposed to make arrangements for issuing a \$2 gold coin, and the whole thing looks like an underhanded attempt to put gold entirely beyond the reach of newspaper men.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

YOUNG men of the middle classes are so little disposed to marry, these times, that parents of marriageable daughters will have to resort to the seductive chromo.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN, the poisoner, has been recaptured. We were in hopes that she would fascinate and marry Ben Butler.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

A "SUBSCRIBER" asks the *Norristown Herald*: "Would you advise a healthy young man to go to the Black Hills?" And the editor responds: "If the young man lives in a populous neighborhood, and is learning to play the cymbals or accordion, we would advise him to start for the Black Hills at once. Such a trip may be the means of saving his life—and the lives of his neighbors."

BEFORE starting for the river for the purpose of taking a bath or a swim, please send your cards to this office. We do hate to spell even a drowned man's name wrong.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

THE human body expands immensely with age. When eleven young men are seated on one side of a street-car, they can easily sit up a little closer, and make room for a pretty girl; but three of them can monopolize an entire seat to the utter exclusion of an old woman.—*Hawkeye*.

MR. BENSON was out in his garden Monday daubing a coat of tar on the trunk of a choice cherry tree, when his next-door neighbor, with whom he is not on very good terms, came out and industriously set to work nailing lath between the pickets on the line fence. "I thought I'd fix this tree so that your dog wouldn't be able to get into it when the cherries are ripe," sarcastically observed Benson, as the work went on. "Yes, I see," was the reply, "and it reminded me that if the space was reduced, your cat couldn't reach through and pick my raspberries." A deep and profound silence followed.—*Fulton Times*.

"I SAY, boss," remarked a lunch fiend in John O'Connor's Union Square room, at the same time throwing in his mouth huge slices of corned-beef. "I was jest going to ask yer if yer couldn't send my victuals round to my stopping-place after this. I am gitten tired comin' over here so often, an' I only live around the corner, wher' you could send them just as well as not."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THUS discourses the *Norristown Herald*, which is always strong on astronomy:

"Do you know Winnecke? No? Well, Mr. Winnecke has discovered a comet with two tails, one of which is a million miles in length. A comet built on this principle can bid defiance to the flyest kind of fly time, and Mr. Winnecke is to be warmly commended for making a new departure in discovering comets. It is about time the one-tailed comet had gone out of fashion."

DURING the storm last Friday, one of Burlington's best young men was struck by lightning, but fortunately escaped serious injury. The bolt struck one of the points of his standing collar, but long before it could get down to the young man's neck the electric fluid gave it up.—*Hawkeye*.

SCENE at a sea-side hotel:

Lean, lank stranger—"Why, look here, you charge me in my bill for a counterpane \$6.50. Why, the mosquitoes ate up that counterpane, and why should I be charged with it?"

Hotel-keeper—"Of course you should. If you had been nice and fat, the mosquitoes would have tackled you, and let my counterpane alone!"—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

PERSONS who have seen a Piute Indian in a plug hat, and observed the effect, will be able to form some estimate as to General Grant's appearance when he comes to wear the honorary and ornamental title of Doctor of Civil Law.—*Worcester Rewey*.

WHILE growling at her husband the other day, a New York woman was struck by lightning, and instantly killed. If you wish your wife to see this paragraph, cut it out and paste it on the looking-glass.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

"THE Turks are reported as having disappeared from Promisori." That must be a place of note, says the *Commercial Advertiser*.

THIS is the season when dumb-bell exercise gives place to wrestling with mosquitoes.—*Syracuse Standard*.

"WE brought nothing into the world, and thank hokey we can't take anything out of it," remarked a Fond du Lac man, as he moved the bedstead for the seventh time around so it would stand some other way.—*Fond du Lac Commonwealth*.

THREE weeks ago, in Oil City, strawberries locked themselves in a glass-case and turned up their noses if anybody except in whose veins ran royal blood, or had an oil-well, looked in upon them. To-day they sit out on the open sidewalk, flirt with the lowest plebeian, and take turns at yelling, "Only five cents a quart!"—*Oil City Derrick*.

SECRETARY EVARTS has served notice that we want justice from Spain, and that no nonsense will be permitted. Spain will regard it as a big joke, and hire some New York lawyer to talk her out of her difficulty with the best government on earth.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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ALBION wakes up and contributes this social sketch: First Diner Out.—"W'a'sh news from wah?" 2d D. O.—"S'cashuns have ris'n, fitin' in Hershe—no; Hearse-govina, Montenigger is movin'." 1st D. O.—"Think Rushins 'll get Consh—Conshtandle—(slowly) Consh shtand (hic) noble?" 2d D. O.—(rapidly) "Constandapple, no shir."

## PUCK'S Illustrated Almanac.

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**LEOPOLD SCHENCK and GEORG ASMUS.**  
WITH  
100 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY  
**JOSEPH KEPPLER.**

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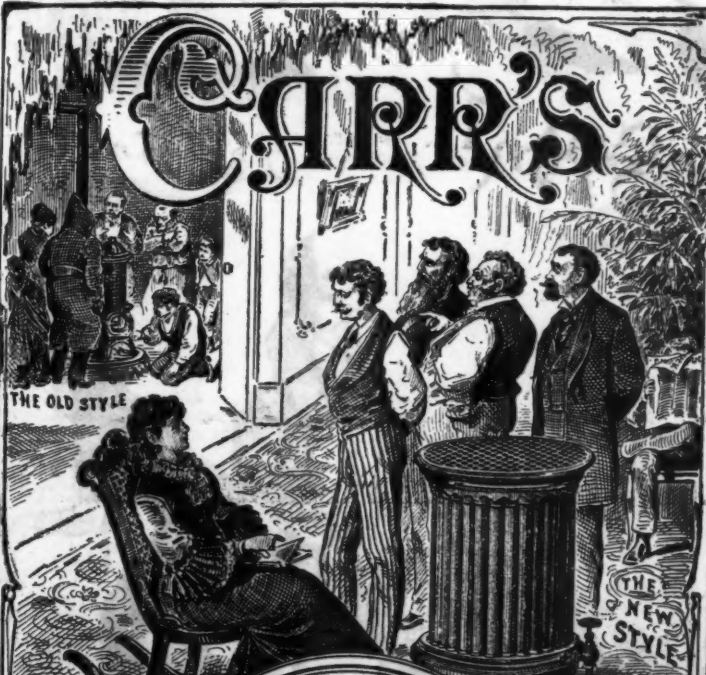
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